

The Student's Pen



VOL. V

NO. 1

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Fall Issue

October, 1919



A bit of Olde New England

IN these days of industrialism it is gratifying to know that one concern has clung to the more pleasing ways of the past.

Far away from the smoke of large cities and nestling in the heart of the Berkshire Hills near pure, crystal brooks are the mills that make

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THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER

The writing paper that has the quality of the old, combined with the smartness of the new.

You will find the reflection of a bit of OLD NEW ENGLAND in every sheet you use.

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New York Pittsfield, Mass.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword"

The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

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Pittsfield, Massachusetts

FALL ISSUE

OCTOBER, 1919

VOL. V. NO. 1

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Gladys Ostyee	Evelyn Gregory	Beatrice Rowan

EDITORIAL

Contributing to the Student's Pen

Have you ever sent a contribution to the Student's Pen? Only about five per cent of the student body will be able to answer in the affirmative. Such should not be the case. Each individual of the Pittsfield High School should have enough school pride to see to it that his school is fittingly represented in the school world by a vigorous school paper. From a school consisting of about a thousand pupils it would be possible to issue monthly a paper just brimming over with life, if every one would do his share.

Let us have a paper which will make Pittsfield High School the envy of Western Massachusetts! This will be possible if each student of the two buildings will awaken to the fact that co-operation is necessary for good results. There is a box in the library labelled "Student's Pen" which was placed there for the purpose of receiving contributions. Let each one of us take care that this box is never empty.

Submitted by—Eleanor C. Ryan

COURAGE

Courage. That great unknown force which certain people are possessed of; and which everyone desires. That force which sends men into battle, which makes them do heroic deeds, and gives them power to resist evil.

What is courage? The dictionary says valor, fortitude. Man is brave, courageous, if he does a thing regardless of whether he is afraid to do it or not. Many a man is greatly frightened at the prospect of doing a certain thing, which he knows he should do, but if he be courageous, he does it. Courage is not foolhardiness. When a man goes over Niagara Falls is he brave? No! He is foolhardy, as there is no good derived from the risk he takes. But when Lieutenant Colonel Whittlesey defied the Germans, he was brave, because there was necessity for the risk taken, and there was a slight chance of success. Then there is that kind of courage, which gives the power to resist temptation. This kind is more rare than the other.

Then what is courage? It is the moral power to do a thing, regardless of fear, consequences, or desires; if that thing be of any good to any one.

George Halford '20

LITERARY**The Mystery of The House Next Door.**

When Arthur came home on his vacation he had not expected to solve a mystery. But what Fate has in store for one is not known until the things begin to happen.

Arthur Orville had been attending school in a distant city, and as the coveted vacation came, his plans were made that he should go home, as was certainly the right thing to do.

At last vacation came and to the town of Saneville came Arthur.

"Well, I see that Mr. Park's house next door is at last rented," said he to his mother who was preparing supper.

"Yes, he had quite a time to rent the house," replied Mrs. Orville, spreading a very tempting frosting on a cake.

"You said in one of your letters that there was something queer about the house," recalled Arthur. "I don't know as I see anything out of the ordinary about the house."

"There is something queer about the house," was the reply from his mother.

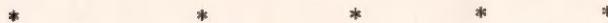
"What is it?" quickly asked Arthur.

"There are queer noises!" was the short reply.

As one of Arthur's friends called at the house just then the queerness of the house was, for the time, quite entirely forgotten. Night descended from the heavens and covered the earth with her blanket of darkness. Loud and clearly the village clock struck the hour of ten. All good citizens in Saneville quietly found their way to bed. Night cast another and darker blanket upon the earth. A few timid stars ventured out, then disappeared into the depths of darkness. The village clock struck eleven! Not a soul was awake in Saneville.

Seeing the time for mystery was coming the night grew blacker and darker still! Again the village clock struck! The hour was twelve! Not a noise in Saneville except:—!

Arthur's room faced Mr. Park's house. As the village clock struck twelve Arthur was conscious of a queer noise, and he quietly jumped out of bed and ran to the window. The blinds directly across from him were slowly opening! No hands could be seen opening them! All of a sudden, as the blinds were entirely open, queer noises came from inside the house next door and a light resembling the flame from a gun appeared! It was gone in an instant! Slowly the blinds began to close! Night gathered up the mystery and the village clock struck one! One person, and only one, had witnessed the strange proceedings of the night. This one person was not at all so sure that he had seen them. He pinched himself to prove whether or not he was awake, but from the scream he gave way to, we should judge he was awake. Climbing back between the sheets he was soon in the land of dreams.



As though nothing unusual had happened during the night the village clock struck seven. Saneville gave a bound, and in a few moments was as busy and bustling as ever!

"Why! I have never seen anything like that happen in the house next door!" exclaimed Mrs. Orville upon hearing of the doings of the night.

"Well, you sleep on the other side of the house," replied the witness.

"Yes, but I have been on this side of the house before now," answered the doubtful woman.

"Who lives there?" asked Arthur.

"Why, I believe it's Mr. and Mrs. Andrews," answered Mrs. Orville.

"What kind of people are they?" inquired Arthur.

"Why, Mr. Andrews is a sort of inventor, and he says that he has many valuable plans, and he is afraid of being robbed."

"Then that's it!" concluded Arthur. "He's been robbed!"

"Gracious!" I hope not! It will be an awful shock to him!" exclaimed Mrs. Orville, going back to her work.

* * * * *

Night came once more. The stars were shining brightly. The village clock struck with loud, sharp strokes:—ten, eleven, twelve! A grating noise came from "the house next door." The blinds, which had been closed, were slowly opening, as if by some unseen power. This night Arthur was wide awake. Indeed, he had planned to be awake. Here it was, the very same thing happening as had happened the night before. The blinds were now wide open. A tiny light appeared in the room. Arthur saw that it was a flash light. Suddenly a great light burst forth, died down, and the blinds closed once more upon the room of mystery. The village clock struck one! Almost the very same thing had now happened for two successive nights! What was it? What caused the blinds to open? What was the light? These questions raced through Arthur's mind, but left no answer. As morning came, Arthur resolved that he would find the mystery.

After eating his breakfast he hurried to the Saneville police headquarters and quickly told of the strange proceedings.

"H-m! This is serious!" exclaimed the chief. "I will send two of my best men down to your house tonight that they may witness it for themselves. Then they can catch the mysterious person, if there is one, and ferret out the mystery."

Arthur went home well suited. In his mind he pictured the following thrilling tale:—

"He with two policemen were waiting! The hour was twelve! The blinds began to open! The burst of light, the tiny light! He led the officers to the house next door. They climbed a ladder, opened the blinds, and entered the house, where they found a burglar robbing a safe. Upon questioning the thief they found that . . . !"

"Whew! Some imagination I've got!" exclaimed Arthur and hurried home.

* * * * *

Night! A dark, black night! The night of mystery! The village clock struck loudly . . . "twelve!" In a few seconds the mysterious blinds began slowly to open. No hand was visible! When they were fully opened a tiny light appeared in the room! Then a bright burst of light, darkness, and blinds began to close!

"There!" whispered Arthur. "You saw it!"

"Come on!" exclaimed one of the officers. "We must get at the bottom of this!"

The three started for the mysterious house next door. The tall policeman stopped and said:—"We might try ringing the bell, first."

"All right, but I don't think it'll do much good," answered the other policeman.

Arthur gave a quick, short, ring on the door-bell. The village clock struck one!

A noise was heard in the house! Some one was coming! The door opened!

"What d'ye mean by ringing my bell at this time of night?" questioned a man. (It really was morning, the hour of one having just struck.)

"Come on. Cut that stuff! Grab 'im, Jim!" yelled the tall officer.

Accordingly Jim grabbed the man, and the four went into the house of mystery.

"Explain your actions!" ordered Jim's partner.

"S-sh! My wife is asleep! Don't let her hear! She always said that I'd be arrested sooner or later," said the trembling man.

After having been asked to explain the man stood up and exclaimed

"Well,—if you must hear, here goes!"

"My name is Andrews. I'm really an inventor, though my wife (lowering his voice) don't think so. I have a lot of patents and plans that are valuable to me, and although I keep them in my safe, I always fear robbery.

"My wife laughs at my actions (God bless 'er, I hope she is sleeping soundly) so I decided to work at night when she wouldn't know it on a new device to entrap the burglars. So every night lately between the hours of twelve and one I worked on it. I put a new invention on the blinds of the room where my safe is kept that would automatically open the blinds at twelve, and close them at one.

"Why did you do this?" asked Jim.

"Because my scheme won't work unless the blinds are opened. Then a burst of light appears and I can catch the thief. I also intended to have a gun fixed to help along the invention."

Arthur had a very bad experience at solving mysteries, and has decided never to "butt in" again, for he was sick of hearing himself called "Sherlock Holmes" and other names too numerous to mention.

John J. Connors '23

Grandfather's Story

Where is a place more fitted for meditation or day dreaming than the Hoosier state? The broad rolling prairies furnished excellent material for such occupation. As one gazes over the fields, there is nothing to draw his attention, nothing except the distant line where the sky seems to meet the fields of waving corn. This line soon becomes monotonous and one falls to dreaming of other places and other times. What time is more fitted for such dreaming than a late summer's evening, when the Hoosier farmer has finished his day's work and is now enjoying solid comfort with his ancient pipe on the back porch of the farm house. The blue sky has been lit up by the rays from the sinking sun. The calm which has settled over the fields and indeed all things of the glorious evening seems to add something to the dreaming atmosphere which prevails. Therefore as an old Hoosier farmer is no less meditative than any one else, he soon falls in with the spirit of the evening.

On just such an evening as this a few years ago Grandfather and I were seated on the back porch of our farm house, Grandfather with his ancient pipe and I with a maltese kitten. For some time Grandfather had been in deep thought looking off in the distance, when all at once he started,—

"We had just returned from a long tramp. Clark had been trying to teach me some of the art of hunting and we were both pretty well tired out. As we drew near the place where we were staying, we heard the cries of a frantic woman. As we hurried along we saw a woman wringing her hands and screaming loudly. Clark asked her what her trouble was, and she exclaimed, 'Ah sir, a bear just now carried off my child.' In an instant Clark showed the pioneer spirit. 'Which way did he go?' he asked, and in another instant he started in the given direction. When we reached the top of the hill to which we had been directed, we heard the joyous cries of a child. On advancing farther we saw one of the strangest sights I had ever beheld. There in somewhat the same manner as a cat plays with a mouse, a great grizzly bear was playing with a little child. I only stood in astonishment while Clark who knew that the bear would soon tire of this, immediately began to act. He started to climb a tree at the same time beckoning for me to do the same.

"Don't shoot unless you have to, he ordered.'

"I had just reached a comfortable limb when the bear gave the child a harder knock than usual, hurling the little fellow a few feet away. I became excited and fired. The shot which was not well aimed, struck the bear's shoulder and served only to enrage the animal.

"Why did you do that?" asked Clark, at the same time driving a bullet at the springing beast. The animal fell to the ground as we supposed dead. Clark climbed from the tree, laid down his gun and started toward the bear with his hunting knife. When he was not more than five feet away, the animal staggered to its feet more enraged than ever. I knew then that it was a fight between man and beast. A bloody fight followed. Sometimes the man was winning and then again the beast was driving him to the earth. At last

the hand of man prevailed and Clark's hunting knife pierced the heart of the wounded bear. He fell to the ground; Clark would take no more chances, but again plunged his knife into the breast of the animal. By this time I had climbed from the tree and had reached the frightened child. Then Clark arose, bleeding from many wounds. Together we carried the child home and laid it unharmed in the arms of the happy mother."

Dorothy V. Amede

BLOTS

The ones who think our jokes are poor,
Would straightway change their views
Could they compare the jokes we print
With those that we refuse.

A little miss
A little kiss
A little bliss
A Wedding
A little fuss
A little cuss
A little muss
A Parting.

OUR BOYS' STORE WELCOMES YOU



THIS is your store, Boys and we want you to feel at home here. Come in anytime—get acquainted, visit, look around, ask questions; you don't have to buy anything either if you don't want to.

Our Boys' Clothing is the very best that money can buy, and our stock of furnishings you'll find right up-to-date in style and quality.

Drop in anytime. We are always glad to see the boys.

England Brothers

Soph (a son amie) Je t' adore.
Freshman:—Shut it yourself.

Barber: What! Your hair is falling out? Have you used our hair tonic?
Barns: No, that wasn't the reason.

Evelyn G:—(shivering) My but I hate rats.
George K:—Why do you wear them?

John M:—No girl ever made a fool out of me, by gosh.
Archie M:—What did then?

Claire M:—(after ads) Say you could put a peach of an ad in the Student's Pen.

Busy Business man:—What for instance?

Claire M:—Oh something that would read like this—"Don't go elsewhere to be stung. Come in here."

BITS FROM HERE AND THERE

Have you heard of the funeral in the MacIntyre household? One of Claire's biscuits fell off the table and killed the cat.

Noticed Tommie Killian's hair? Ain't it cute?

Henry Barbour is the Junior B. president. Next!

"Prohibition is bringing a lot of sunshine into many homes."

Note from W. J. Bryan's speech.

Also a lot of moonshine.

*Now is the time to take out a
MEMBER SHIP in the*

Y. M. C. A.

and become a member of the

HI "Y" CLUB

For High School Students

**BUY NOW
FOR
CHRISTMAS**



**Goods are Scarce and Prices
Are Sure to be Higher Later
A Deposit Reserves Any Article**

Schwarz

"The Jeweler"

Favorite Foods

Policemen—Beets
Gamblers—Steaks
Jewelers—Carrots
Seniors—Chickens
Hunters—Preserves
Yeggmen—Crackers

Comedians—Capers
Critics—Roasts
Surgeon—Spareribs
Alienists—Nuts
Chorus Girls—Johnny Cake
Lovers—Mush

Helen—"When Frank asked you for a kiss last night did you give him any?"
"No, but I lent him some."

"I wish this fellow wouldn't send you so many chocolates" said the other suitor.

"Why" said she, "are you jealous?"
"No, but I prefer to eat Marshmallows."

A freshman. Common noun, neuter gender, first person, and a tough case.

Teacher in Biology to Junior.
"Hopper where do the bugs go in winter?"
Hopper—absent mindedly—"Search me."

Soph.—"Did you see that donkey fall on West st. and break his leg?"
Freshy.—"Did they blame the driver?"
Soph.—"No, they said it was the asphalt."

Class Book '14

Ships Officer—"Oh there goes my watch below."
Old Lady—"Fancy your watch striking as loud as that."

Ex.

In History Class.
Prof. to Freshy.—"How was Alexander III of Russia killed?"
Freshy.—"By a bomb."
Prof. FINE. How do you account for that?"
Freshy.—"It exploded."

Teacher—Miss More Where is the dead Sea?
Ina More—"Don't know ma'am."
Teacher—"Don't know where the dead sea is?"
Ina—"No ma'am, I didn't even know any of them was sick ma'am."

Bits from Here and There

What's in a name? Take Power for instance.

They say a Peck holds eight quarts. That so Robert?

Afterward.

I'm back in civil life once more,
Where rugs and carpets grace the floor,
Same old hat-rack in the hall,
Same old pictures on the wall.

My well-filled book case yields to me
Adventure tales from land and sea;
The largess from each treasure tome,
Is mine while sitting here at home.

Vaguely I remember how,
Standing at a transport's bow
I looked out for submarines
While digesting army beans.

Dimly looms the sea expanse;
Faintly gleam the shores of France;
Ruined field and crumbled wall
Back to memory I call.

Yet here I am in tailored cits,
Catching street cars, dodging jits,
Lordy! How at home I seem,
Surely it was all a dream.

Evelyn Gregory

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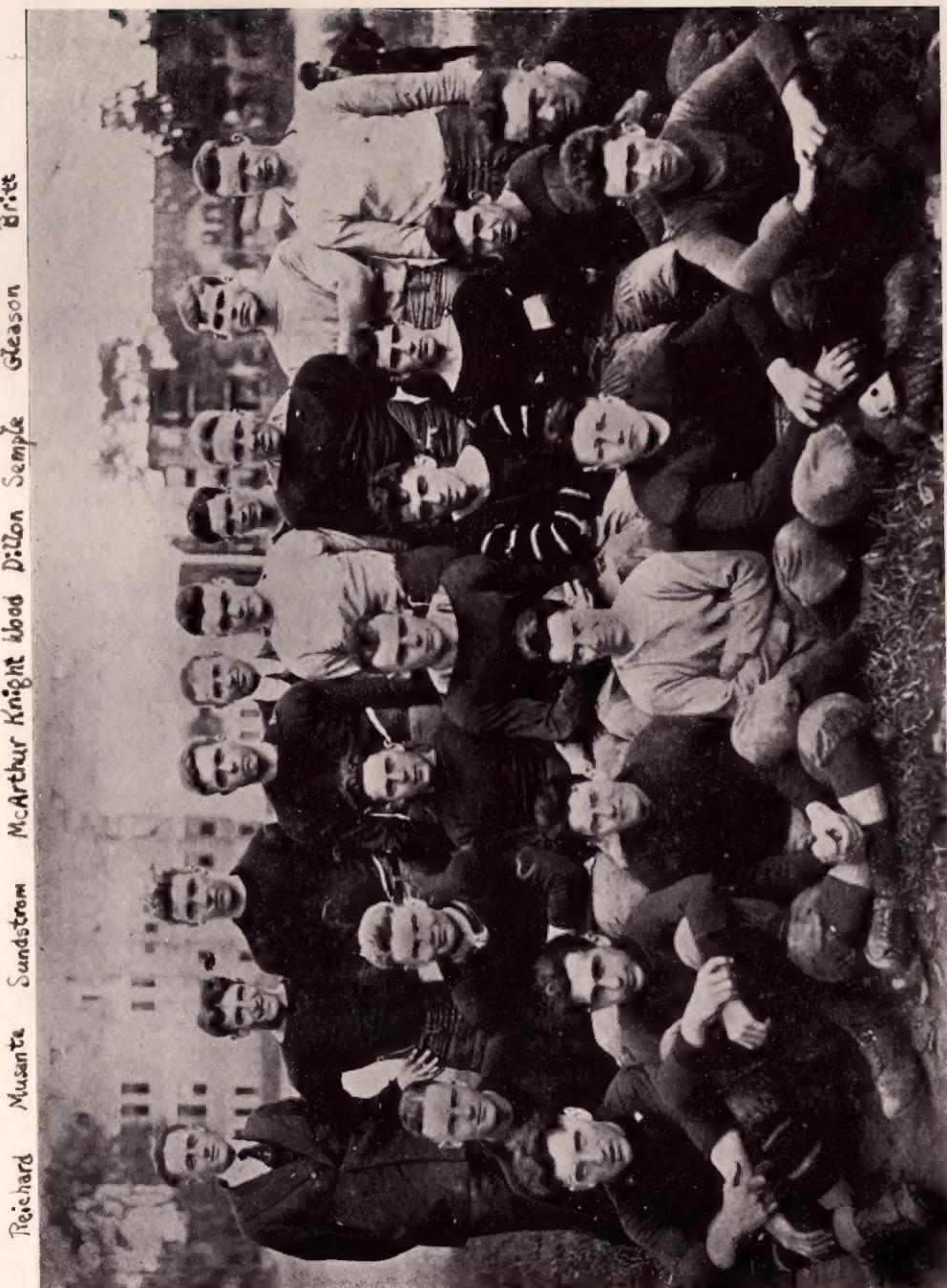
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See you at the next home game

Take a classmate

and bring your cheering voices
with you



Reichard Musante Sundstrom McArthur Knight Wood Dillon Semple Gleason Birrell

P. H. S. FOOTBALL TEAM, 1919
Garbarino Manganano Dolphin Fox

Burns E. Foss Winnard

Gantley Kittridge Baer

W. Foss Naughton

ATHLETICS

P. H. S. Football Season

The football team will surely show good results this fall when you take into consideration the fact that Mr. Charles Knight of the faculty is to coach the team. It is needless to say anything in regard to Mr. Knight's ability as a coach as he has proved in former years that he is capable of filling the position without any difficulty whatsoever. Up to date, twenty-five candidates have reported for the team including nine veterans of last year's star eleven which humbled Drury High, our ancient rival, on its own field by a score of 25-0. The Influenza epidemic made it necessary to cancel the schedule and disband the team in order to prevent the spreading of the disease. Unfortunately for the team as it had all the indications of a champion squad if it hadn't been for the detested "jinx" we surely would have won the Berkshire County football pennant. Practice has been carried on daily, and the first game was to have been played at Williamstown on Saturday, Sept. 20, but two days before the game the Billtown aggregation withdrew from the league because of the lack of material as only 13 responded to the call for candidates.

The schedule for the season is as follows:

- Oct. 4—Pittsfield at Adams
- Oct. 11—Pittsfield at Drury
- Oct. 18—Union College Freshmen at Pittsfield
- Oct. 25—Dalton at Pittsfield
- Nov. 1—Drury at Pittsfield
- Nov. 8—Pittsfield at Dalton
- Nov. 15—Adams at Pittsfield

Athletic Notes

Results of the election for football manager:

Kenneth Semple 347, George Halford 217 and John Reichard 207 votes. Kenneth Semple was therefore elected. Bernard Lincoln while practicing with the football squad dislocated his left shoulder.

Members of last year's team who are not available for the eleven this fall are "Stuffy" McGinnis, Claude Halford, William Britt, all star backfield men, while Wallace Mattoon, the old reliable lineman and "Dil" Garbarino, the speedy wingman were claimed by graduation.

Mr. Keaney will succeed Mr. Hewitt as secretary of the Athletic Board.

P. H. S. vs Adams Eigh

Pittsfield High opened up its season last Saturday by swamping Adams High 24-0 on the Renfrew grounds in that town. A large crowd witnessed the contest and the excitement was tense at times even though the game was a one-sided affair. Pittsfield received the ball on the kick off and after a series of line plunges succeeded in bringing the "pigskin", to the center of the field where "Marsh" Wood received a pretty forward pass and ran 40 yards for

the first touchdown. In the second period, P. H. S. added two more touchdowns to its score. "Pinkie" Mangan scored the first after a few minutes of play by a couple of long end runs and Wood bucking through the line netted the other.

In the second half Adams received the ball but failed completely in trying to go through our line which in fact was just like a stone wall. They resorted to end runs gaining a little but not enough to do any harm. In the last few minutes of play, Adams threatened to score however after a successful forward pass which brought them to the P. H. S. ten yard line. In the next rush, however, their quarter back fumbled the ball and McArthur picking it up ran 90 yards for the last score of the game. During the second period of the game, Sundstrom, our old reliable tackle, received an injury to his knee and was forced to retire being replaced by Gleason who showed himself up to good advantage. Sundstrom's injury will keep him out of the game with Drury next Saturday and his absence will be felt badly.

The line up:

The line up

Fox,	r.t.
Naughton,	r. e.
Sundstrom, Gleason	r.g.
Foss,	c.
Kittridge, Garbarino,	l.g.
Musante,	l.t.
Ganley,	l.e.
Mangan,	q.b.
McArthur, Dolphin,	l.h.b.
Wood, Burns,	f.b.
Semple,	l.h.b.

Time, 12 minute quarters.

Goals, Wood 2, McArthur 1, Mangan 1.

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ATHERTON FURNITURE CO.

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PITTSFIELD, MASS.

The Student's Pen

If you will kindly notice
The most qualified of men,
Are becoming more and more impressed
With the famous Student's Pen.

In all the best known book stores
This Pen is to be found.
And the excellence of its contents
Is known the world around.

So if perchance you've never seen
This famous book on sale,
Go to the nearest book store
And get it without fail.

If the dealer says, "we're all sold out",
As he never ought to do,
Just drop a card to P. H. S.,
And we'll attend to you.

G. B. O.

Report of Athletic Association

The following is the report of the Athletic Association for the past year. When we stop to consider the very poor year for athletics, as far as outside support is concerned, this report is remarkable.

With but little over fifteen dollars on hand at the beginning of the school year, we paid all current expenses, and also paid over two hundred dollars on old bills. Slowly but surely, that disgraceful shadow of debt, which has been hanging over the good name of the school, is being erased; and it will leave our honor brighter than before.

Moreover, we had a few issues of the Pen, and had a balance of nearly twenty-five dollars, at the end of June. This year, provided we have a collection of thirty dollars per week, everything is in readiness for a regular, monthly edition of the paper.

The "nickel collections" do the work.

We thought
You'd think
This was
A Poem

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION**Report of Treasurer for Year Ending July 1919**

<i>Receipts</i>	<i>Disbursements</i>
Balance on Hand Sept. 1918 \$15.41	A. A. Membership Dues \$2.00
Collections from Students 716.32	Coaching 250.00
Concert and Plays 337.99	Loss on Games 125.26
Student's Pen ads. and Sales 109.41	Old Bills 234.47
Class of 1915 1.00	Supplies 134.84
	Expenses, Concert and Plays 117.06
	Taxes, Games 13.00
	Printing and Advertising 18.00
	Student's Pen 249.76
	Laundry 9.95
	Telephone and Stamps .85
	Cash on Hand July 1, 1919 24.04
	\$1180.13
	\$1180.13

Respectfully submitted

Lorne B. Hulsman, Treasurer

I have examined the above report with vouchers for the same and declare it to be correct.

Signed.

Frank Howard

Auditor.

ATTENTION STUDENTS!

F. M. T. A. membership campaign opens Oct. 7th

Have You Joined - If not - Why not

Give your membership to

JOHN T. HOPPER

DO IT TODAY

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Y, M. C. A. Notes.

What promises to be the biggest year in the history of the Boys' Department has started. The usual fall drive for new members has commenced and it is desired to have every eligible boy, especially of the High School, a member of the "Y".

The Hi-Y club has lost its capable president, Jack Ward, but Geo. Kittridge, an equally competent man has been chosen to serve until the January elections. Jack Ward has entered Rensselaer. Enough has been planned for the following year to keep something doing every minute.

Girls' League Notes.

The League has had a very successful opening this year. The various classes are of about the average size, and are scheduled as follows: tennis Monday, dancing Tuesday and Wednesday, hockey Thursday and gymnasium Friday. All High School Girls are cordially invited to join the league.

All desiring lockers are urged to consult Miss Peaslee as soon as possible. They may be obtained for the nominal sum of thirty cents per year.

Beatrice M. Rowan '21

Club Notes.

The following clubs reorganized October second.

Boys' Debating Club—Mr. Burke.

Mathematics Club for juniors and seniors—Mr. Lucey.

Electrical Club for juniors and seniors—Mr. Keaney.

Current Events Club—Mrs. Bennett.

Latin Club—Mr. Goodwin.

Astronomy Club—Miss Rice.

Salesmanship Club—Mr. Wraught.

The French, and Girls Debating Clubs are still to be organized.

The Choral Club, and the Orchestra, started two weeks ago, and are now practicing for the concert to be given at the convention at the High School, October eighth, ninth, and tenth.

COMMERCIAL HIGH NOTES

Five members of this school are candidates for the football team.

Alexander Sandow, former member of the Commercial High School, passed the entrance examinations at Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst last week.

Miss Zelda Saul, class of '19 is taking a post-graduate course. Miss Saul intends soon to enter the Sargent School for girls. Marguerite Loveless and Esther Baillargeon, class of '19, are employed in the office of the Berkshire Lumber Company.

Clarence Carhart has entered Ohio Northern University to take up the study of Civil Engineering. Mr. Carhart left High School during Sophomore year to work in the office of the Eaton, Crane and Pike Co. He finished his college preparatory work in a private course with H. D. Moon.

Miss Helen Weltz of the class of '19 has taken a position at G. E.

The school was very much grieved to hear of the death of one of its members, Miss Olive Hammond, a Sophomore, who sat in Miss Downes's Room. The room has taken up a collection for flowers.

The Underwood Tests for this month were not successful.

Who will win the next GOLD MEDAL? BILL COONEY?

There is an increase of 75 pupils in Commercial High enrollment for this year, making the total enrollment now over 300.

James Goddeau, a former member of this school has accepted a position with the Pittsfield Coal Gas Company. Mr. Goddeau plans to enter St. Michaels College next February.

Miss Muriel Sheldrick, of class '19, is now employed in an office of the G. E.

Miss Carolyn Gerst has left school to take a position in the local Telephone Office.

Miss Anna Miner has left school to accept a position as Stenographer with a lawyer.

Edward Costello, a member of this school, met with an accident while employed at the G. E. this summer. Mr. Costello in some way got sulphuric acid into his left eye. The sight will be saved, but it will be February before he will be able to resume his studies.

Agnes Maloy '20

CLASS NOTES

Senior A

The following officers were elected at a recent meeting of the Senior A class.

President—Geo. Halford

Vice-President—Bessie More

Secretary—Elizabeth Acly

Treasurer—Christine Burns

It was decided to elect some of the class representatives such as class prophet, historian and statistician in the near future in order to avoid the customary rush of class meetings at the end of the school year.

It has been rather difficult for the Seniors to do anything under the name of the class, by way of social affairs, because of the fact that the individual members of the class are exceedingly busy with studies, and other matters.

The usual run of affairs will, however, take place.

Senior B

The following are the officers of the Senior B class, for the next six months.

President—Kenneth Semple
Vice-President—Florence Hickey
Secretary—Constance Gamwell
Treasurer—Stanley Clarke

The former Vice-President, Miss Sturgis, has moved from the city, and Miss Hickey has been chosen in her place.

Junior B

Last year's noted Sophomore class held its first meeting of the year on September eighteenth, under the new title of Junior B.

The election of officers took up the entire meeting, and the following were chosen.

President—Henry Barbour
Vice-President—Harry Burns
Secretary—Marion Britt
Treasurer—Robert Peck

The class has thirty-one dollars in the treasury, all earned during the Sophomore year, while five times that amount is wanted by the end of this year.

A class hike is planned for October, with Miss Fowler in charge of details. Consequently a good time is expected.

A new policy, that of having short class meetings, is being tried out. The meeting of September twenty-fifth lasted just thirteen minutes.

Every one should be able to give up that much time each week, to his or her class. Let's see everyone attending, and don't forget your Class Tax.

Mrs. Grinnell's Talk On France

Mrs. Grinnell gave a very interesting talk on her experiences in France, where she served as an American nurse, addressing the French 6-6 class in room 14.

She spoke first of the very acute system of spies which was working in New York at the time of her sailing for France, and of the queer feeling it gives one to be followed by a spy, and know that that spy is shadowed by an American detective.

On the way over, the nurses were quite well entertained, but the feeling that, at the next moment the ship might be blown up, and that they might be swimming in the deep, took some of the pleasure out of the trip. The only way their life preservers were used, was as pillows, but life boat drill was a regular occurrence.

They reached England safely, and then started on the most dangerous part of the voyage, crossing the Channel. Only a few wounded soldiers were

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transported across at a time, in order that as few as possible would be drowned in case of accident.

Mrs. Grinnell spoke of the high excitability of the French, and their habit of rapid speech coming from that cause, in all probability. She also remarked that the English could not understand how Americans could become so enthusiastic over anything.

The difficulty of meeting an aristocratic French girl, as they are seldom seen on the streets; the gratefulness of the French to the Americans; the attempt of some of the nurses to enter Paris, which was closed to outsiders; the continuous rain; and the custom of breakfasting in bed, all furnished excellent material for the talk.

We were warned, if ever we go to France, to beware of the water there, as it contains some substance making it unfit for drinking. Because of the water, the French peasants do their washing at some central place, such as a river, if there happens to be one.

Mrs. Grinnell also said that all but one of the priceless windows in the Rheims Cathedral can be replaced, either from the pattern or from the pieces of glass which have been carefully saved.

Numerous views of France were shown, as well as souvenirs, such as shoes, dolls, identification disks, pieces of shrapnel, and bombs.

Notice

It is hoped that in the next issue, more classes may be heard from. Please hand all class notes to the Student Activities Editor, Mr. Halford.

Alumni Column

Pittsfield High School will be well represented by its graduates in many different colleges, normal schools and tech schools of the country.

John Linnahan, Ray Galway, Francis McMahon and Olin Hunt are returning to Colgate. Pep Fasce is also entering Colgate. Pep should make a good man on the athletic field for Colgate. John Frank has won a scholarship in Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

William Cooney has won a scholarship in the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Waldo Shipton and Sherril Bates are returning to Dartmouth. Arden Waugh and Ernest Sheppard are entering Dartmouth this fall.

George Seager, Irwin Johannesen, John Power, Trescott Buel and Donald Miller are returning to Williams and John Alberts is entering the Freshman class this fall.

Lawrence Muloney is to enter Detroit University. We expect to hear from "Mul" on the football field.

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John Ward, James Woolbrich, Richard Mitchell, and Walter Burns are to enter the Freshman class of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Luke Kennedy will resume his studies at Rensselaer.

Charles Allen has entered the Northeastern University.

Richard Gaul has entered Holy Cross College.

The Misses Margaret Mattoon, Doris Noble, Harriet Gherkins, Helen Harder and Hazel Clark are going to the Skidmore School of Arts.

Miss Margaret Whitmire has entered Russell Sage College of Troy.

Miss Esther Medly will resume her studies there.

The Misses Ruth Ostyee, Mildred Quas, and Edith Chaffee will resume their studies at Smith College.

Keith Peirce has entered Harvard College.

The Misses Marion Meehan, Beatrice Nilan, Marion Sheridan, Gertrude Eagan, and Dorothy Keopke have entered Westfield Normal.

Miss Lillian Mahar has entered Westfield Normal.

Miss Ruth White has entered Wellesley.

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